UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

OLUME XXX — CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1892 — NUMBER 4

UNITY

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF RELIGION.

ESTABLISHED IN 1878.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, SENIOR EDITOR,
IA PARKER WOOLLEY, ASSISTANT EDITOR

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

ARD BARTRAM, ELLEN T. LEONARD,
LA BLAKE, JOHN C. LEARNED,
RLES F. DOLE, EMMA E. MAREAN,
N R. EFFINGER, R. HEBER NEWTON,
L G. HIRSCH, WILLIAM M. SALTER,
DERICK L. HOSMER, MINOT J. SAVAGE,
LIAM C. GANNETT, MARION D. SHUTTER,
EN W. GOULD, HENRY M. SIMMONS,
JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

MESSRS. BLAKE, GANNETT, HOSMER, JONES,
LEARNED AND SIMMONS.

0 A YEAR, 10 WEEKS ON TRIAL FOR 10 CENTS.
SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

dvertising, 12 cents per line; business notices 24
s per line. Advertisements of book publishers
ived direct · other advertising through LORD &
MAS, advertising agents, Chicago and New York.
eaders of UNITY are requested to mention this
er when answering advertisements.

arles H. Kerr & Co., Publishers,
175 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

Contents.

ITORIAL. PAGE.
Notes 25
The Banner of Gold 25
t the Bear Camp Ossipee with Whittier.—W. C. G 26
Men and Things 26
NTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.
The Whip-poor-will.—MINNIE STEBBINS SAVAGE 27
ngersoll.—HORACE L. TRANBEL. . 27
URCH DOOR PULPIT.
Dante and Goethe as Leaders of Poetic Thought.—PERCIVAL CHUBB. 28
E STUDY TABLE 29
TES FROM THE FIELD 30
E HOME 31
BLISHER'S NOTES 32

Editorial.

A MILLIONAIRE who administers income for the advancement of high things of life on the same le as the average right-minded and e-hearted girl in the kitchen does, uld be a phenomenon worth going ny miles to see.

GEO. W. COOKE, Secretary of the tional Bureau, has just issued some uggestions of Study and Work" Unity Clubs and Study Classes ich are helpful and timely. Send him at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, his "Tract No. 4."

N the acceptance by Dr. M. W. yker of the Presidency of Hamilton lege of Clinton, New York, Chi- o loses one of its progressive es. Although Dr. Stryker was tor of the Fourth Presbyterian rch in this city, he was allied in timent and in action with those es that liberate and enlarge. It s not matter so much what place the hill a person may occupy as it s which way he is facing. A Presrian at the bottom looking up climbing up is worth more than nitarian on the top looking down slipping back. We congratulate Hamilton College in the selection of this alumnus as its head. He will be a living force among young men. We give him and them our congratulations.

MR. GANNETT'S editorial in this number strongly suggests Browning's picture of the true poet, "How it strikes a contemporary." They also verify the other lines of Browning which form the epilogue to the second series of "Dramatic Idyls,"

Rock's the song-soil rather, surface hard and bare.
. . . . . .
Quiet in its cleft broods—what the after age
Knows and names a pine, a nation's heritage.

COAL has "gone up" again. Not because there is a scarcity of it but because the "Combination" orders it. The combines of capital have broken open the treasury vaults of nature, seized upon the geologic treasures where the mighty forests of antediluvian ages are stowed away as a ready made providence for man, and they have said, even this bounty of the Almighty we will dole out not according to the needs of man or to the cost of production, but according to our extorting power.

AN associate suggests that we issue a "Whittier Number" of UNITY on December 17th, the anniversary of his birthday. We would be tempted to save these "summer-memories" of Mr. Gannett for such an issue did we not have the assurance that he would write something else for such a number. How many more of our readers will help us make this Memorial Number rich in fresh material, anecdote, reminiscence, bits of correspondence, poems, tributes, records of helpfulness and the like, *all in very short meter?* We will give our whole issue to it. There is time enough to reach a measure of worthiness.

MAJOR POWELL in the *North American Review* faces even the irrepressible flood with human courage and foresight, and undertakes to disarm it of much of its terror. The government is not yet ready to do what it some day will do, prepare for the storing of surplus waters in artificial lakes so that the over-abundance of one season will meet the deficiency of the next; nor even to undertake to shorten the courses of river by straightening their channels and thus hastening the dangerous waters on their way to the innocent sea. But he does believe, that the time has already come when human intelligence should avoid the building of homes in what he calls torrential territories. It is only human ignorance that thus deliberately tempts the calamities of nature. Still men persist, as of old, in building their houses under the active craters of volcanoes and where floods persist in their periodical devastation. Physically and morally men continue to take absurd chances, defying dangers, trusting that next year the law of cause and effect may not work, and that the calamity of a far-reaching law, the sweep of an eternal principle, may be suspended for the time being while they secure a near good, a short-ranged gain, a close advantage. The religious bodies of the world, like the squatters in the bottom lands of the Ohio and the Mississippi, continue to build their tabernacles in torrential territories, still unpersuaded that the onward sweep of truth, as revealed by science and right, will make their protection temporary and their shelter unsafe.

THE Unitarian church of Toledo are meriting the new church they are working for by their diligence as well as their ingenuity; the last device is a card with a hole in it with seals attached on either side and a hint given that a fifty-cent piece will thus carry admirably through the mail. This is the hint. If you send to Rev. A. G. Jennings, you will doubtless receive the card that will explain itself:

Your plan is cute,
I can't be mute,
It makes me feel
How great your zeal,
So break the seal,
And 'twill reveal
What you did ask
To end your task.
May God speed you
In all you do.
Your friend,
———.

"THE Physiological Basis of Character" is the title of an essay that has been published *in memoriam* of the lamented author, Ellen B. Bastin. It is a suitable memento of a life so ripened by thoughtfulness; but it is an essay well worthy extensive circulation beyond the circle of those who loved the author. It touches a side of character-building too often neglected. We make room for this wise paragraph:

Habitual action is more accurate and less fatiguing; it gets the maximum of effect with the minimum of expenditure. Long life in spite of feeble frame is not uncommon, but long life apart from regular habits is extremely rare. The sooner we resign to habit the minor acts of life, whether physical or mental, the better. It is the weighing and deciding that costs. One can form a habit of indecision in unimportant affairs; of doubting, of balancing pros and cons, of keeping issues open until, time being gone, circumstances decide for us. For example: "Shall she go out or stay in?" "Shall she wear black or brown?" "Shall she buy steak or chops?" "Shall she make it long or short?" Better to make a regretable decision now and then than become a slave of the habit of hesitation. We must make habit our servant, else she will make us her slaves.

THE last of the UNITY Short Tract series was passing through the press while most of the Unitarian ministers were off at play. No. 33, "What it Signifies to Join the Unitarian Church." We would that this tract were true to fact as it is true to theory. How much such a church is needed in every community! We believe that, just so far as such a church is recognized and can be trusted it will find that there are those in every community, many of them, who will be ready to join it. Let the following sentences hint at the tone and temper of this tract. It should do extensive missionary work *in* our churches as well as *for* them.

By taking this standpoint we declare that, in our judgment, religion is henceforth to mean an earnest effort to think right, and feel right, and do right, *and nothing more.* There is to be no special mystery about it; no occultism, no miracle, no sacraments; and yet, for all that, religion is to remain, and churches as its organic embodiment are to be none the less holy and necessary. * * * * * * *

We recognize that a voluntary organization must, if it is to persist, be composed of people who have something in common. This community, however, we seek, in an attitude of mind rather than in uniformity of doctrines. * * * * * *

To join the Unitarian church, therefore, signifies your intention of keeping your mind open to whatever light may break in upon the ultimate questions of God and man, and of casting in your lot with the organization which seems to you to be seeking this light in the freest and most earnest manner.

The Banner of Gold.

"The best thing about the *Keeley Cure* is that it CURES!" This was the explosive peroration of one of the many rousing speeches made at the convention held last week at Dwight. It was a gathering of the loving and grateful "graduates" of the Keeley Institute and its branches. Never was an Alma-Mater more nobly sustained and gladly confessed by its alumni than this. It was the second Annual National Convention of the Bi-Chloride of Gold Clubs. These clubs are now scattered throughout the length and breadth of this land. Twenty-four states and one territory were officially represented. Five or six hundred "graduates," with their wives and other happy friends were in attendance, and they were but the privileged representatives of 80,000 men and women who have been released from the thrall of a dire disease.

The senior editor of UNITY went to see for himself, and for two days he mingled in the jubilant and altogether respectable throng. Albeit he felt at a slight disadvantage in that company inasmuch as he had "not been there too," yet he was not lonesome. The ethical enthusiasm, the fervent altruism of the convention was contagious. It was the most *religious* conference we have ever attended because it was bent on saving the lost. Ethics here rose to religious heights on every hand. We were predisposed to be pleased and stirred by the triumphs of Dr. Keeley and his associates. In the potency of his work we have been a believer from the start. But we were not prepared for all we saw, heard and felt. It was as if we had suddenly stepped into a convention of those who had passed through the experience of a Lazarus, those who had been dead and had been brought to life again. Here were accomplished gentlemen, judges, lawyers, physicians, journalists and authors of fame who a few months or years ago were stranded wrecks, a burden to themselves and families, now clothed again in their right minds and nobly stirred with a passion to help and to save.

We reserve for a more opportune time, our more deliberate and extended word on this subject, and content ourselves at this time by commending to the immediate attention of those who either themselves, or in a holy vicariousness for others, are suffering from this blighting disease, for such drunkenness early becomes and as such it is treated by the Dr. Keeley Cure. What proportion of the treatment is physical and what psychical it is perhaps impossible to determine, certainly it is unnecessary to discuss here. We are persuaded that both elements enter into the blessed triumph. Enough to know that ninety-five per cent of those who have fully taken the treatment

hold thus far. They are released from the damning appetite, and if they ever become enslaved again it will be from the perversity that seeks and cultivates a new thrall. Go to Dwight, send your friends there if the toils of the serpent are about you. If not there, to some of the branch institutes. If you can go to none of these institutions then try the "home treatment," which seldom fails when it is conscientiously followed; but this "if" is a large one. We hope that the Keeley clubs, the women's auxiliary and philanthropists generally will give more attention to the method of home treatment offered. Why should not every good pastor's study, every family physician's office become a fortress to which as to a city of refuge, the poor in purse and the weak in will should come for that systematic medication, which may at the end of a few weeks correct the abnormal conditions of brain cell, nerve fibre, or what not that un-mans the man by alcohol?

The literature on the Keeley Cure is ample. The business management of the company is admirable. A request for printed matter of the "Leslie E. Keeley Company," Dwight, Ill., will promptly be attended to. Dear friend, until you test it in other and better ways, take our word for it, the Keeley Cure *does cure*. We have seen those who have risen from the dead and others in the process of awakening. If you are sick from alcoholism let no modesty stand between you and the manly thing that seeks a cure. If you are not sick yourself, do not like the Levite and the Priest pass your suffering brother by, but like the good Samaritan bear him to the inn (Keeley inn) where he will be taken care of and restored.

That this is not the only and all-sufficient way of reform and progress we are well aware; but that it is one and a surprising, and as yet but little utilized way, we are thoroughly persuaded.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

At the Bear Camp Ossipee with Whittier.

It was in 1877, and at the Bear Camp Ossipee, New Hampshire. We had been in our summer nook among the hills some two or three weeks before the man we had been looking for arrived. At last he came. Tall, thin, awkward, in a black coat cut square at the collar, Quaker-fashion, its tails showing that it had been a "best" coat and its shininess showing that after this one summer more it would go where good men's coats are wont to go; a face enfeebled by the loss of teeth, but with a pair of deep-set eyes,—really gray, I believe, but they glowed black,—and above them a high, narrow dome of forehead,—such proved our expected poet. It was John Greenleaf Whittier. With him seemed to come a bevy of friends, school girls and school-keeping women of the "real" kind, each with a thing to do, and all apparently flitting here from scattered homes to spend the summer fortnight with each other and with him.

And "real" was the word to apply to him. There was so little show about him that one who should try to form a picture of his face simply from his poems, would never recognize him in this grown-up country boy, not shy, but stiff,—this angular, silent man, who had little fits of saying a few words to you, then departing suddenly, one who never suggested melody and seldom said a subtle thing. Even after being with him a week or two you would try in vain to read *him* into his fame. But you would have learned to honor him and love him; would have learnt that he was first abolitionist and then poet, first Puritan and then Quaker; and you might have begun, perhaps, to guess where the poems ran hidden in him, as the brooks run hidden among the hills.

He liked nothing better than to go down to the big barn with the girls, and read and talk with them in a sober session to be ended with a romp of frolic,—unless, indeed, he liked still better to sit up with the few late lingerers by the fireside and tell ghost stories, of which he had a goodly stock with a smack, it seemed, of faith in them. He liked to tell stories also of the Abolition times, of Emerson and other famous friends, ("Emerson is the greatest man we've raised yet," he said: "a true Yankee too, look at his face!"), and liked to talk, or at least *would* now and then talk freely about himself, his work, his thoughts and beliefs.

"I had no education but the ten-week terms at the country schools," he said, "and one year at an academy. Few books, too; almost none except the Bible, but that, I really think, I appreciated, for a boy. I mean the great parts of it, the prophecies of Isaiah, and the Gospels. But the most I've got at all, I've got by reading, and since the war was over." After his father's death he kept the Haverhill farm four or five years. But his old mother wanted to be nearer "meeting" (the Friends had no meeting-house at Haverhill, but there was one at Amesbury), so the three, mother, sister and John, moved down the river a few miles to the little town that he has since made famous. He was then thirty-two or three years old, and had already tried his head at editing papers, printing poetry, legislating—for his townsmen, well as they did not love an abolitionist, sent him to the Massachusetts legislature—and had tried his courage facing anti-slavery mobs.

The gift of verse had been born in the boy in the "barefoot" days at Haverhill. It is a familiar story, but it was pleasant to hear the old man tell it himself. Garrison, at that time (about 1825) a youngster too, was editing an emphatic little local journal at Newburyport. John's sister one day laid hands on one or two of her brother's verselets, and sent them to the editor. The week's paper came in due time, and John went for it,—but no poem. So again and again. But at last (he was mending stone-wall that day, which the sheep had broken down, his uncle working on the road-side and he on the pasture side) the postman came riding by and from his saddle-bags tossed over the wall a newspaper. The boy picked it up. There from the first page his poem looked at him! Sheep, wall, pasture, uncle and the world vanished, and for a moment he and his printed poem, held at full length of outstretched arms, were the two things in existence. He was then about eighteen years old. Other poems followed the first, and finally the editor came riding over the hills himself to find out his unknown contributor, and that was the beginning of the friendship of the two heroes of anti-slavery, one to become the leader and the other the bard of that long Crusade.

"It was anti-slavery that saved me from being the worst kind of politician," he once said to us. "My first electioneering was done for Caleb Cushing!" Indeed he had a certain gift that way, for electioneering, though no gift as a speaker. I believe he never made but one speech in his life, and that one was a failure. But as a *buttonhole* man he was good. He had fame in the Massachusetts band of abolition as a lobbyist, and that was the function usually entrusted to him,—that and editorship. He told me of the first slave-trial he had ever witnessed. Of all places in the wide land it was held in Independence Hall at Philadelphia. A fine handsome, well-dressed mulatto of twenty-six was the claimed slave. His wife was there with him, a lady-like woman. He had run away from the South some nine years before. The claimants present were not the owners, but the hunters, hunting in the owner's name. Whittier described the scene,—the row of silent Quakers sitting before the bar, their heads bowed down, their broad brims pulled deep over their faces; the row, as silent, of Quaker women with faces also bent and hidden in their bonnets; silent witnesses of a damnation in which they could lift no finger. They had testified to knowing the boy well nine years; beyond that record they could not go, and the fatal claim began beyond it. The Commissioner decided that the man was a slave, the hunters drew out their iron handcuffs and put them on upon the spot. The wife clung and wept. A German student, standing by, could stand it no longer and burst into a volley of oaths in German, French and English—"be drove a thunderbolt of oaths through seven languages," said Whittier. He himself stood quiet with the rest. There was absolutely nothing, *nothing* that could be done. The whole strength of the United States government was fastening those fetters on those two hands,—and it was in Independence Hall, with the Fathers of our liberty looking down from the pictures on the walls!

His memory was full of these anti-slavery scenes, and he was the old soldier fighting his young battles over. He told us how he and Samuel Joseph May went down to Leverett street jail to visit Garrison that night after the Boston mob "composed of gentlemen of standing and property" had hustled him through the streets with a rope around his body. "We had a real good time that evening," he said. And once he described the burning of Pennsylvania Hall by the mob. The hall had just been built by the abolutionists of Philadelphia, that they might have one spot in the city for their meetings. Whittier, as editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, had his office in the building. The friends of freedom dedicated it one day,—the mob baptized it with fire the next. Whittier, disguised in a friend's white surtout, stood in a the crowd across the street looking on to see them loot his room. Many of the New England men, Garrison among them, left town quick that night,—"Wisely I did n't blame them," said Whittier. But *his* post then was in Philadelphia, so he stayed. Their meeting had adjourned to meet again in that same Pennsylvania Hall the next morning at a certain hour. At the hour the chairman called the meeting to order, thirty or forty present, in the ashes of the building; they passed their resolutions, appointed Whittier on a committee to report, and adjourned. "I was very much afraid," he added; "I don't like being hurt, and we feared the indignities, the tarring, etc. I am not physically brave, but was there as a duty." His own feeling about it all was in the words, "I am thankful to have been in the anti-slavery work so early,—*thankful;* it is nothing to be commended for."

Some of his most interesting talk was about his own poems and his religious thought. Not that he paraded either, but of both was willing to speak simply and frankly. "In anti-slavery times," he said, "the poems came as necessity, or else at rare bits of leisure." "But have not the poems that represent you best, those that are most yourself—the 'Eternal Goodness,' 'My Triumph,' and such as those—come since the war?" I asked. "Yes," he answered, and they have always been a surprise to me, both in themselves and at the sort of fame they have given me." "A man don't know when his best things come," he said again. But with him one way they came was by *work*. He believed in work even on poems. "Easy writing is hard reading to me," he said. "He *worked* over the 'Eternal Goodness,'" his close friend told me. When I asked him once about his methods, he said, "To *see the picture plainly* that you wish to tell is the feat half done. But then the *words*—it is the words, too, after all, that make the difference between poetry and not-poetry." So when, after trying, he found that he could not make a verse *go*, when it would not say the thing he wished and as he wished it, he would drop that verse out. "In reading poems, read the singing in, the music," was his counsel.

Among all our poets he is the poet of Trust in God, trust in his righteousness, his goodness. The trust was beyond all changing strong. Nor had argument convinced him. He knew God is, by "consciousness" of him. "What *can* we know, if not ourselves?" he asked. "Is it intuition?" put in a questioner. "It's *God*," was his reply. So, too, about the trust in Immortality—the "Great Change," as he seemed to like to call it. Very curious he evidently was of that, questioning much, dwelling much upon it. He knew there was no proof; but it was beyond all proving sure. "Yet likely, too, for the *reasons*," he would add, "likely for the reasons. There is the instinct in us, and our wonder and our bother over it,—is that there for nothing? No! Are we all for nothing? No! And then the misery,—this life is not glad for all; is there no make-up for it? Yes."

Of Jesus Christ he said, "He is the greatest and the best; till we have another better, take him." Of the Bible, "I believe just so far in the Bible as it believes in me." True child of the Inner Light in that. The Bible held for him the best in literature. As to a church, he was Quaker again of course; he could bear no ritual, not art even, in it. The nearer to a barn it was, the nearer to a true church, I suspect. The sternest condemnation I heard from him was passed on Moodyism; not against the man, but against the thing; not Moody, but Moodyism. To him it was rank materialism in religion, a thing to be wondered at and much deplored. And so the happy fortnight with the old man passed. Not that he seemed old—he would be but seventy that year. If in his outward seeming we could not find the poet of the verses that we loved, we were certainly the better and the purer for his presence and his earnest, kindly ways among us younger folk. And perhaps we felt, He is a greater *man* than we imagined; and if we fail to find the poet, it may be because we have the wrong idea of a poet and do not know one when we see him.

W. C. G.

Men and Things.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR'S last book, entitled "Social and Present Day Questions," contains sketches of John Bright, Tolstoi, Stanley, Grant, Charles Darwin, and others which he calls the "Teachers of Mankind." May they not also deserve a humble place in that other list which he has made so attractive and available as the "Seekers after God." Man helpers are God finders.

ACCORDING to an English exchange that a Baptist minister near Westbury has advertised a baptismal service, adding, "photographers invited." In bad taste as this is, is it much worse than being photographed in one's pulpit robes and in the act of reading the service, with a studied expression of devotion on the face? Piety only poses when it has grown self-conscious, and then —is it piety?

Contributed and Selected.

The Whip-poor-will.

This poem published in UNITY several years ago
d extensively copied by exchanges in England
d America is now reprinted at the request of those
o at Tower Hill this summer were permitted to
m as intimate an acquaintance with this most
nerican of birds, as his shy habits permits.—ED.]

Sent to reach the heart of folly
O'er the hill
Faintly calls the melancholy
Whip-poor-will.

Like the touch of cruel fingers
Sweeps again
O'er the heart this song that lingers
Long in pain.

What can be the hidden meaning
So complete
Of the brooding twilight, leaning
Low and sweet?

What the vow but just debarring
Heart from joy?
What the factor love's hour marring
With alloy?

O, to clasp this pure escaping
Happiness!
O, to pray these softly draping
Skies to bless!

But to see the light, ne'er guessing
That the star
Through the depths of violet pressing
Is so far!

Not to know such joy is given
For the few
Who have walked in tears, and striven
To be true!

All may reach this bliss deferring;
First to pain
Must each soul, God's will preferring,
Turn again.

Still unto the heart of folly
O'er the hill
Faintly calls the melancholy
Whip-poor-will.

MINNIE STEBBINS SAVAGE.

Ingersoll.

Let any man make definitions. Let him exclude, let him include, let him express indifferentism. But there is a penalty attached. If the definition describes a useless distinction or an unjust measurement, it becomes a superfluity and an impertinence.

It is one of Mr. Chadwick's pleasures to diagnose on the "spiritual" sense. He sets one man this side, one man that, and establishes a sort of respectable outlawry on the basis of a definition couched in a mistake.

Nor does Mr. Chadwick speak for himself alone. Another author, Mr. Gould, writing in your paper, has echoed Mr. Chadwick. And a review of Conway's "Paine," in the *Register*, tinctured with a similar feeble Chadwickism, displays the same spirit and an equal weakness of critical judgment.

Mr. Chadwick once wrote our *Conservator* to like effect. He quoted Paine and Ingersoll. Were they not *minus* the spiritual sense? Did they not come short of that rare and majestic endowment which, to most of the rest of us, especially if we be Unitarians, had been allowed with the first substance of being?

I argued, *no*. If spiritual includes aspiration towards the great moral qualities of character, how could these men be ruled out? If it embraces the ideal, who could set up a bar? Both were ideal. Both suffered for justice. Who more sternly spoke for nature than Paine, struggling against all the demons of the old political, social, religious world? And those of us who realize Ingersoll, comprehend that he has battled for an infinite justice whose shoestrings the old ideals were not meet or adequate to untie. Would you attach the spiritual to beliefs in God or immortality? Would you tie it to conceptions or intuitions of an unseen world? Would you fix it unalterably with dogmas? What would you do with aspiration, duty? How would you describe domesticity and all the social ideals and virtues? You could not call them material. They are not anti-spiritual. They have but one place. They cannot be refused. You deny them at peril.

Walt Whitman took a great interest in this controversy. "I am sure you are right," he said; "I like Elias Hicks better than Chadwick. Hicks declared that man is a spiritual being in the very necessity of his nature and cannot be reduced to a lower estate."

Now it is that some learned men, preachers and prattlers, casting about for the reason why Ingersoll has no influence or following or why his influence is evil, declare, even over Unitarian or Liberal names, that they account for the great orator by the fact that he is a hundred years behind his time!

Turn a century back. Recall the dead from their graves. Take a muster of old virtues.

A man is not to be judged by single failures or successes. He is not all or nothing as soon as you can quote a virtue in his favor or charge a sin against him. He is man by the sum total of his quality,—by all the hues that play in his varied life.

Ingersoll has tremendous vitality. He has immediate and vehement conviction. He speaks the tones of direct effort. The people understand him. His words go to hearts because they come from a heart. He is afire with the impulse of his sentiment of justice. In the presence of error he has no forked tongue. Your idols offend his knowledge of you. When he overthrows them, he pays you the tribute of respect. You deserve better than you have, better than you dream! He is honest. He does not tell you what he does not know of heaven and hell and gods. The current gods are unworthy of current virtues. He sees beyond your pauses and doubts to your journey's end and your faith. Faith in the old promises? Perhaps not. Little matter. No stones for bread, and no stones in the bread.

Does he know nothing of historic criticism? Try him. It is a weapon he would like you to challenge. Do you deny him evolution? He defeats you by quoting his own words. All is for evolution. Man has traveled his long quest and done as well as he could, taking into account all the roads that led to fastnesses, and all the stones that fell before and confused his weary feet, and all the thick growths where roads were not and life seemed closed out from advance.

The historic method? It is a method of common sense. Ingersoll contends that these things which you argued for on grounds that you reserve may be examined by the laws of simple logic and judgment. The esoteric, the withdrawn—the supercilious modesties which withhold all show of naked reasons—the precincts of inner priesthoods where elect souls live each in each and despise the outer world: these excite his questions and bring upon themselves the sturdy blows that reject, and the simple, grand antagonism which pleads for democracy and man.

Great splendor and pride of speech are in Ingersoll. He is deemed superficial because his ability for clear statement is so marvelous that he makes the most complex theorem the bauble of a child. He turns cheap the struggling, foggy terminology of the scholar.

Does he deny? He denies when he does not believe and he affirms when he believes. Who does more or less? Does he deny any of your virtues? Does he say a word against those tendencies by which men seek to reform the state, the church, the school, the home, from their prevalent anti-human, anti-social imperfections?

He denies God?

For God's sake, he says, no more of God! Give me better than this, else would I go possessing nothing! Win God to man, in his virtues, his horizon, his fair soul. Enlarge the scope of opportunity. Let endeavor and hope work as darling companions. God? If he lives, prove him in yourself, and inhabit every star with his moral beauty. Missing these evidences, all is missed.

Yet he denies nothing. He suspends judgment. Of immortality he utters tenderest words. Once he said to Whitman in my presence: "Walt, what you say of immortality I respect. Do you know why? It is because your immortality means everybody else's as well as your own. You have your arm about the world." He would decline immortality if it entailed upon the innocent a big or any bill of costs. Nowhere in all his pulsing, weeping monodies does there cry one note of despair or denial.

Ingersoll without the spiritual? How much of the poet is left if you take from him the eye of discovery, the visions of dreams, the revelations of intuition, the unwritten songs which go unheeded by other ears? Ingersoll is poet. All the seasons run together in him as in a year. I ask sometimes, is he not primarily and in the end only this, and so to be judged? All his speech is music: his speech as he addresses multitudes, as he meets you in the streets of trade, or as he dines with you and is led by casual gates into a world of imagery and prophesy. Music is his daily habit. He could find no barrier to break a line. If you obstruct his feet he opens his wings.

It is told that in his business his eye sees through and around difficult problems with unerring certainty. His moral judgment is always deep and wholesome. He has sane physical habits. He lives apart from hideous social forms. Domesticity is in his fibre and blood. The family invokes his reverence. There is heart in him as he speaks. He serves the humblest with his right hand. In his converse appear the silent witnesses of simplicity. His respect for man is infinite. Past all man's follies he sees man's wisdom, and in the lore of the few he sees the prepared food of the many.

Then he has no failings? Yes, failings enough. So even have you, my friends, and so have I! But his failings are not him, though they belong in the report.

Wherefore, then, is he not modern? How lags he, far distant there, a hundred years back, while our valiant Chadwickians hasten to the front, with all the spiritual weapons of advance?

After all nobody probably accepts that picture as it stands. Specify what you may, in lists long as a streamer at a masthead, from the fund of requisites which a man must need to rank with the pioneers and the prophets, and Ingersoll will stand out and beyond the line. He may lack number one and number one hundred of your virtues, or even number fifty, but in all that come between he will satisfy every demand.

Vitality writes our songs and saves literature to man. It is not the elegant rhymers or orators to whom Homer or Cicero spoke a final word who lead, but it is Homer and Cicero, and those who come direct from nature to the heart of man with the record they have read. Do not be deceived by a roughness here or there, or some defect, or presumed defect, for nature has these and cannot for them be rejected. This very seeming incongruity is often a witness to the unstudied and the barbaric which belong with every exercise of first principles.

If you insist upon the identity of the "spiritual" sense with old convictions as to God, immortality, and duty, I am afraid you forge a chain for a good word, and prophesy slaves instead of men. Nor is your danger even then all past. For insomuch as man is losing old standards for new, he must by your logic surrender his precious spiritual heritage. This would imply decadence. History swears that decadence is out of court.

So, therefore, and finally, if you would reject or belittle Ingersoll, you must prove him deficient in the gifts which are bound to take increasing high place in the respect of the future. I would challenge a battle on that field. No man of such manifest vitality ever was waste music on the shores of this world. Messages of weighty import, winged to craving and accepting souls, finding perhaps widest audience where even least liked, dynamic in quarters which would scorn the suspicion of sympathy, subtle in power to enter and inhabit the emptiness of many lives, pleading everywhere for justice and the future,—these are not mere collocations of flimsy or brilliant verbalisms, but agents and forerunners of the generic process by which this world must grow from good to better.

In Ingersoll's own favorite formula: "Let us be honest." Let us reach him the hand of love and gratitude.

HORACE L. TRAUBEL.

FOR

Churches and Choirs

MALE VOICE CHOIR.
Compiled by L. O. Emerson. Postpaid, 50 cents.
100 devotional pieces for men's voices.

VOICE IN PRAISE.
By F. G. Barnett, Musical Director, Yale College. Postpaid, $1.50.
Solos, duets, and trios are included in the 39 songs.

CHOICE SACRED DUETS.
Heavy Paper, $1.00. 30 sacred duets.

CHOICE SACRED SOLOS.
39 songs. 150 pages. Paper, $1.00.
A fine collection of sacred solos, adapted for soprano, mezzo-soprano, and tenor voices.

Emerson's Choice Anthems.
208 pages. $1, prepaid, or $9 per dozen, not prepaid.
Mr. Emerson's choice of all the anthems ever published. One half is Scriptural.

Emerson's Easy Anthems.
49 selections. 80 cents, prepaid, or $7.20 per dozen, not prepaid.

Emerson's Anthems of Praise.
208 pages. $1, prepaid, or $9 per dozen, not prepaid.
The best original and selected anthems, with *entirely new arrangements.*

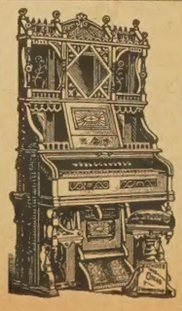
Perkins' Easy Anthems.
192 pages. $1, prepaid, or $9 per dozen, not prepaid.
84 easy anthems, for the average choir's use.

LAUS DEO.
By Arthur Henshaw. 224 pages. $1, prepaid, or $9 per dozen, not prepaid.
60 hymn anthems, motets, trios, Te Deums, sentences, tunes, etc., for quartets and choruses.

Gabriel's New and Selected Anthems.
By Chas. H. Gabriel. 166 pages. $1, prepaid, or $9 per dozen, not prepaid. Specimen copies mailed for $1.00.

LYON & HEALY,
Chicago, Ill.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, Boston.



FREE.

Our large 24-page Catalogue, profusely illustrated, full of information on the proper construction of Pianos and Organs. We ship on test trial, ask no cash in advance, sell on instalments, give greater value for the money than any other manufacturer. Send for this book at once to BEETHOVEN ORGAN CO., WASHINGTON, N. J. P. O. Box 707.

Church Door Pulpit.

Dante and Goethe as Leaders of Poetic Thought.

A Discourse Given at Bell Street Chapel, Providence, R. I., by Percival Chubb.

Before proceeding to consider the careers and achievements of Dante and Goethe as leaders of poetic thought, it will be well to make clear to ourselves what we mean by "poetic thought." Wherein does poetic thought differ from other modes of thought; from scientific thought, let us say? Poetry is associated in the minds of most men with what is fanciful, unreal, inexact: science with what is logical, demonstrable, precise. The distinction is false. Poetry aims no less than science at truth and reality; but it seeks to make truth not only seen by the mind but felt by the heart: it aims to seize upon a reality which meets the requirements not of the calm intellect alone, but of the mind, heart and imagination together. True and valid poetic thought is scientific thought animated by emotion, and rising out of the region of abstraction into the pictorial realm of the imagination. We think as poets when we think under the stress of emotion, so that our thoughts become images. In other words poetic thought is impassioned, imaginative thought. But it is more than this. Poetic thought is musical in its expression; and it is the music, the regular rhythm and harmony of poetry, that seems to so many to make it artificial. But impassioned speech naturally becomes musical; and that is the secret of the irresistible appeal which great poetry makes to us. It is true that nobody in ordinary life or in an ordinary mood speaks continually in the lovely cadences of Shakespeare's, or of Sophocles', of Goethe's or Dante's characters; and yet these characters are real to us. They are real to us with the highest reality, poetic reality; reality which is valid when we enter the realm of passion and imagination. They are real men and women raised to higher powers of being and expression; spirits touched to finer issues and more fully and finely grown, than we: maintaining themselves in that world to which we rise only rarely and fitfully. Creatures of high passion and fine imagination, they naturally give out a music,—exquisitely rising and falling as the heartbeats—of which we ourselves are capable, yet seldom emit. We know that we are capable of it because their music re-echoes in us and makes us glad.

A few slight examples will serve to illustrate these remarks. Science says, unmoved, that the earth provides us with the requisites of life. Poetry, bringing the feeling of gratitude for gifts received and an imaginative sense of the earth's lavish power, speaks of the earth with imaginative fervor as, "the mighty mother of mankind." Science tells us that we are influenced for better or worse by our surroundings as they are good or bad: poetry gives us a subtle sense of the fact when through Wordsworth it asserts of a maiden living beside a beautiful stream:

> "And beauty born of murmuring sound
> Shall pass into her face."

Science notes that the course of the child's life determines what sort of man he will be: poetry with matchless conciseness, declares that "The child is father of the man." With these few simple instances we will pass on to speak of two sovereign souls in the realm of poetic thought, Dante and Goethe. Like their few fellow-poets of the first rank—like Homer, Æschylus, Shakespeare, Milton—they epitomize their age. The forces of great epochs and of cyclic movements of the human mind and heart are concentrated and interpreted in their works. Through them the time-spirit delivers the most momentous of its messages.

In Dante, the Middle Age speaks to us, not only through its actual personages and events, but in its unrealized ideal possibilities. Its soul speaks with all its ideal intentions and unfulfilled dreams no less than with its dwarfed accomplishments, and ignominious defeats. No such revelation of the Middle Age is elsewhere to be found. Only a mighty poet could make it. The great poets indeed are the great historians just because they reveal not only the facts of their epoch, but its vast and vain aspirations, its brave but baffled hopes. For eras and movements are not to be understood, any more than individuals are, by their deeds alone; we must also take account of the motive behind their deeds, and measure them not alone by what they were, but by what they painfully strove to become. And the truth of this is brought home to us by the study of Dante. He is the poet of Christian faith; but he reflects it in a meridian splendor with which it never actually shone. He represents it in ideal purity and purport, as well as in its actual sad deficiencies. Just on that account he helps us to understand its essential meaning. He reveals it to us shining amidst darkness, struggling against impediments, and in conflict with mighty enemies.

Let us briefly review Dante's career before we sum up the significance of his great work. He was born in 1265, into a stormy world. Europe at large and Florence, his birthplace, were torn by strife. His life was one of early sorrow, bitter exile and wandering, constant struggle and shattered hope; and yet because he was fortified by that faith whose triumph is recorded in his great poem, it was for others, if not wholly for himself, a life of noblest conquest. His was a soul that endured to the end; and he has become a star for the guidance of future wayfarers to the Holy Land.

To recall Dante is to recall the dignified, grave figure of a man whose unforgetable face holds all our attention. It is a face that bears the scars of battle; a face lean to haggardness; with its large curved nose and projecting lower lip closed tight upon the upper, half in scorn and half in pity; its deep-seamed brow; its eyes half closed as if turned back upon some inward vision. It is a figure that symbolizes the age of struggle in which it moved; and is only to be understood when seen against the background of that age. But how shall one hastily sketch in that background? How shall one convey in a few words the significance of that wonderful Thirteenth Century? It marked the turning point of the Middle Age. It saw the culmination and first decline of Catholicism; it witnessed the final fruitless effort to weld the peoples of Europe together into a great holy Roman Empire. The Christian spirit had produced its loveliest flowers in St. Bernard, St. Dominic, St. Francis, St. Elizabeth, and other pious and enraptured souls. An ever memorable effort had been made by Thomas Aquinas to establish Christianity as an irrefragable philosophy. Christian mysticism had nourished its greatest exemplar in the saintly and ecstatic Bonaventura. Moreover it was the century of Frederick the Second and St. Louis, of Magna Charta and De Montfort's Parliament; of Albertus Magnus and Roger Bacon. The great universities, Oxford, Cambridge, Padua, Naples, were established. The purest Gothic architecture was produced, and Cimabue and Giotto announced the birth of Christian art. Dante was the ripest fruitage of these great influences: his rich, sensitive nature was open to them all, fashioned by them all. Before he had grown to manhood, their glory was dimmed; the movement of disintegration in religious and political life had set in never to be arrested, and the modern skeptical, individualistic temper began to show itself. Dante inherited the Christian tradition, philosophy and faith at its best only to find himself in a world that was fast falling away from them. It is the conflict of his passionate, Christian idealism with the faithlessness of his age that explains his career and his work; explains his fierce political ardor, and the white-heat of his longing faith.

His early history discloses to us a nature ardent in love, sensitive with more than feminine sensitiveness, proud, imaginative, studious and artistic. His earliest work, the *Vita Nuova*, is the record of his early love for Beatrice—a love strong, tender and unquenchable. Her death in 1290 is for us the first and most important event of his life. It left him forlorn and troubled, although Beatrice had been married to another suitor. The truth is that Beatrice, even while she lived, had been transfigured by Dante's idealizing, poetic nature into a creature of more than mortal virtue and loveliness; and after she died, she became for him the type and emblem of divine wisdom and grace. On this account her real existence has been denied by some commentators; but to deny it is to misunderstand the union in Dante of an overmastering human passion, that sprang from a nature keenly alive to sensuous beauty, and a deep spiritual thirst that yearned in vain to slake itself at the fountain of the world's life. Both these found their unique satisfaction in his love for Beatrice. As Dante himself says, quoting the words of Homer: "She seemed not to be the daughter of a mortal man, but of God." To ease his sorrow at her death, he began the study of Philosophy, which enabled him to give poetic form to the deepest insights of Aquinas Bonaventura and the master of their thinking ("the master of those who know," as Dante calls him)—Aristotle. At this time Dante began to take a deep interest in the affairs of his native city, his beloved Florence. This stern lover of justice could not look with indifference on the feuds and domestic quarrels of Guelf and Ghibelline, Neri and Bianchi and other factions which disfigured and even jeopardized the life of the city. Into the nature of these quarrels, although they are the key to Florentine history, we cannot now inquire. Suffice to say that in 1295, Dante, longing to guide Florence into the way of peace, took steps to qualify himself to hold political office. Republican and Democratic Florence required her nobles to be merchants before they could be ministers; and so Dante was enrolled as a member of the guild of Druggists. He soon became a power in civic affairs, and was elected a prior, one of the six civil magistrates of the city.

It was in 1300, whilst he held this office, that fresh feuds broke out, and in order to quell them, the priors banished the leaders of both parties, who included Dante's best friend, the poet Guido Cavalcanti. The incident serves to show Dante's austere love of justice which was unyielding even to friends. In 1301 he was sent as ambassador to Rome and whilst absent was exiled by his enemies under false and trumped-up accusations. He never entered Florence again. He was offered pardon, but as the acceptance implied admission of guilt he refused it with scorn. Thereafter he lived a wandering and restless life—a fact to be borne in mind as explaining that wide knowledge of the world which is shown in the Divine Comedy and by the numerous descriptions of places which appear there. It seems that he went as far as Paris and som say to London and Oxford. Th wide acquaintance with other peopl and places may also account for th liberal cosmopolitanism which wa joined with his intense love of h own city. I pass over the details his sad wandering life in exile an will merely recall the fact that h died at Ravenna in 1321.

Dante's political ideal and his co mopolitan attitude are illustrated i his work *On Monarchy*. He ha spoken of himself as one of thos "whose country is the world as th ocean to the fish," and he add "Though we drank of the Arno i infancy, and love Florence so muc that, because we loved her, we suff exile unjustly, support the slande of our judgment rather upon reaso than the senses." His political ide is that of a world empire; a sing principality supreme over all mer Such a world-empire ruled by on governor and justiciary was necessar in his mind to peace: and peace wa necessary to that fruitful developme of human powers, which was for hin as for other great teachers, the ai and purpose of man's life. This em pire was to be the image on earth celestial order. Rome, venerabl sacred Rome, was to be the se of this monarchy. His next gre point which is brought out als in the Divine Comedy is that th temporal power must be indepe dent of the spiritual power, whic is to be represented and guided an governed by the Church. Man bein dual—a creature of sense and spiri corruptible body and incorruptibl soul, must be subject to two separat powers, the Empire and the Papac But with these few words concernin the "*De Monarchia*," and leavin unnoticed his other minor works, must pass on to speak apout the grea monument of his genius and th genius of Mediæval Catholicism, hi Divine Comedy.

What is the purpose of this grea poem? Dante himself shall answer "Taken literally," he says, "the sub ject is the state of the soul after death but allegorically taken, its subject i man as rendering himself liable b good or ill desert, in the exercise o his free will, to the reward or punish ment of justice." It was a bol enterprise for a human being t undertake, to unfold the Divine pla of justice and to pass sentence o men, dead and living; but we mus remember that, like the prophets o old, Dante deemed himself inspire and commissioned by Deity to thi great undertaking. He had see what he disclosed in visions, whic he believed to be from heaven. O tho other hand he spared no effort t fit himself for the work, and lon years of study, observation and medi tation were given to the task. H set out on it equipped with all th learning of his time. No poet eve wrote in such sad sincerity or with more awful sense of responsibility What constitutes the imperishabl glory of the "Divine Comedy" i the world of literature and art, is th fact that with such a moral, didacti aim in view, it is suffused throughot with the spirit of the highest poetry

Descending into the Inferno wit Dante, its horrors so shock us that a first we are prone to turn away i disgust or anger at the sight of suffe ings so terrible. It is in fact, difficu for us to-day to realize the attitud assumed by Dante. To do so w must be able to appreciate his sens of the enormity of sin. We are i the habit nowadays of excusing muc of the sin committed in the world a due to ill-favored circumstance an parentage; but Dante allows no e cuse for any sin. Man is absolu master of his fate, and cannot eva responsibility for even the smalle act. So strong is his desire to co

e men of the vileness and eternal sequences of sin, so deep is his red of human pride (our radical :) and treachery, fraud, cowardice, all forms of meanness, that when writes of them his pen is dipped acid. And yet in the Inferno, re are touching passages, in which nan pity struggles with a belief relentless justice. Even as far yn as the eighth circle, after he has nessed numerous sights of woe, nte weeps again at the distorted ns before him. But he is sharply uked by his guide for his senti- ntality. Virgil turns upon him erely, saying, "Art thou also one the fools? Who is more wicked n he that feels compassion at the vine judgment?" We may disa- e with Dante's and his age's con- tion of the workings of Divine tice, but what a rebuke is there in work to slackness of conduct, to y easy tolerance of vice in ourselves d others, to thoughtlessness, to com- mise, to cowardice.

It is with a sigh of relief that one sses from this Hell without hope, d climbs with Dante and his gra- us guide up the steeps of the Mount Purgatory, where the sun shines ce more and kinder types of human ture are brought before us. We lize then more deeply how with nte's austere and almost fierce se of justice, is mingled a sweet- ss that is equally rare. Whereas fore we had been chilled by horror w we begin to be warmed by beauty d love; we begin to be edified; we counter what is positive and per- asive, enlarging and deepening. owly but surely are the weak souls awn upwards towards the Paradise light and love, and the divine hand aches down to aid all those who ach out hands to it. As Virgil ex- ains, "That infinite and ineffable od which is on high, so runs to love a ray comes to a shining body. It ves as much of ardor as it finds, so at in proportion as charity grows, extent, worth, (and influence) in- eases." In short God helps those o help themselves. The divine n is always shining; but men shut its rays by living too much within e gloomy tabernacle of the body. nte's point of view is also made re evident when he writes: "One lights in drinking in proportion as e's thirst is great." So that the wis- m of life consists in keeping the irst for righteousness forever un- ked, and supreme above the thirst pleasures of the sense. Let Dante t this for us in another way. As he d his guide near the summit of Pur- tory, an angel of light appears, and nte is blinded by her effulgence. e describes what follows in these rms:

And as heralding the dawn, the eeze of May stirs and smells sweet redolent of the grass and the wers; so felt I a wind touch me id the forehead, and well I heard e plumes move that wafted on me e fragrance of ambrosia; and I heard y: "Blessed are they whom so great ace illumines, that the love of taste akes not too great desire smoke in e breasts (obscuring the vision); t hunger always for whatsoever is ghteous." Observe the aptness of e metaphor which speaks of exces- ve desire as emitting a smoke which clouds the reason.

The height is gained—Beatrice ap- ars to Dante; he is filled with the guish of contrition because of his equent faithlessness to her (as sym- olizing divine light); and is purified d moves on to Paradise.

We cannot follow him in his prog- ss. At last he looks upon the eter- l light itself, is face to face with od. He can bear the light because s eyes are now strong and clear. Henceforth my sight was greater an my speech, which at such a view gives way, and my memory gives way at so great excess." He cannot recount, he cannot remember, his supreme vision, although his heart still knows the sweetness that was born of it. He breaks out into prayer—"O highest light, that raisest thyself so far from mortal conceptions, lend again to my mind a little of what thou didst appear; and make my tongue so potent that it may leave one spark only of thy glory to the folk to come."

So Dante at length beheld in his vision that light which being likest love (is bound in one volume with love, as he puts it), is diffused throughout the universe; the light intellectual filled full of love; the love which moves the sun and all the stars.

(*Concluded next week.*)

The Study Table.

The undermentioned books will be mailed, postage free, upon receipt of the advertised prices, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.

The Quality of Mercy.*

The application of Mr. Howells' title to the matter of his story is not extremely obvious. The last phrase in the book rings a change on it, but that does not amount to much and could not have been what Mr. Howells meant when he chose the title. Was not this rather that the quality of mercy is not simple but complex; here natural and easy, there not a little "strained"? The story is a very interesting and powerful one; for the most part very sad, but though there is some happiness at the end it involves no declension from Mr. Howells' principles. There is no *deus ex machina*; no arbitrary interference with the natural course of events. We can conceive that some will say that Suzette's pride would never have permitted her marriage with Matt Hilary, whose father her father had defrauded, but love is stronger than pride, even as it is stronger than death, and Mr. Howells is aware of this and has written in accordance with the fact. Those who complain that Mr. Howells can create only one sort of woman, and that one sort sillyish, will find their doctrine seriously affected by Suzette Northwick, who, if not a perfect being, has few if any of the limitations of Mr. Howells' ordinary leading female character, and if Mrs. Hilary is less attractive, she is not less real and has a general firmness and consistency in sharpest contrast with the average of Mr. Howell's women folk. And what is the matter with Louise Hilary? If she is not altogether charming, sweet and lovable we should like to know the reason why. She and Maxwell pass out of the story in a manner that makes us hope that we may hear from them again; though nobody knows better than Mr. Howells that young people often drift together in that way and then drift apart forever. The scene of the story takes us back to that of "Annie Kilburn" and there are glimpses of several of the characters in that story, while the lawyer, Putney, with his passion for drink still threatening, plays a considerable part.

What we have here is the story of a defaulter who skips over into Canada, and an analysis of his mental and moral conditions, and those of his daughters and others who are profoundly affected by his course of action. Mr. Hilary, the president of the defrauded company, is a character who at once draws our hearts to him and to Mr. Howells for conceiving him with so much homely truth. Northwick, the defaulter, is every way a little man; but he is sufficient for the purposes of Mr. Howells' story. If even one so constituted could suffer so much, the reader can work out for himself the sufferings of a defaulter of more conscience and imagination. There is something wonderfully pathetic in his first aimless wanderings, his homesickness, his ultimate resolve to suffer for his fault. Those who are most sternly bound to hold Mr. Howells to his principles will very likely ask, "Why did he die?" but his death does not impress us as being at all forced or unnatural after what had gone before.

We could wish that we might inveigh some defaulters who are "at ease in Zion" into the reading of this book. It would give them a few wholesome qualms. We could also wish that it might be very generally read by business men, especially the younger and those of the more ambitious kind, and those who are afflicted with a trouble known as "big head" in the parlance of those addicted to vulgar forms of speech. Mr. Howells has written a Breviary for all such, with which they cannot acquaint themselves too soon nor use too carefully. J. W. C.

*The Quality of Mercy. A novel. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892.

The Free Trade Struggle in England.*

History is the great teacher of the race. And the history of the Free Trade struggle in England fifty years ago is the most effective text-book that could be put into the hands of the American citizen to-day. The same principles were at stake. The same arguments were used, and when Free Trade was adopted there came almost instantly the most wonderful era of prosperity any nation has ever known. And this little work of Mr. Trumbull's will serve the purpose of such a text-book.

It would indeed have been much more effective if the author had been content to make it simply a history, like Taussig's Tariff History of the United States, for instance. It is so manifestly written as a campaign document that it loses half its force and is twice as long as it need be. It reads for the most part like a stump speech, and represents the opponents of Free Trade as either fools or knaves. There may be fools or knaves among them, as there are among all parties. But the bulk of every party is made up of honest, sensible men. And it is much better to treat them as such and not style their platform a "Scheme of Larceny," if we really wish to move them and not merely to raise a laugh or cheer from our own side. Our author has not realized this, and so has weakened his book as a means of persuading protectionists to leave the error of their ways. But it will help to decide the wavering and confirm the decided. And it is published at such a reasonable price that its sale ought to be great. It has an autograph letter from John Bright and an excellent index. A. W. G.

The Science of Nutrition. By Edward Atkinson. Springfield, Mass.: Clark W. Bryan & Co. $1.00.

"To overcome woman's inertia" is the avowed purpose of Mr. Atkinson in this book. That our present methods of preparing food are wasteful is well known, but that one billion dollars a year in this country alone is wasted through bad cooking may be a startling surprise to many. After giving in detail a dietary consisting of meat, butter, eggs, milk, bread, oatmeal, vegetables and sugar, he says, "If proper methods of cooking were adopted and right methods of utilizing what is now wasted in the ordinary method of buying and preparing this food material, all the potential energy in this dietary could be enjoyed by the average adult, at twenty-eight cents a day or in round figures at two dollars per week."

How to save fuel, food products, time, labor and worry, is told clearly, confidently and energetically. In speaking of our present methods he says, "Men have no right to scold their wives, or use swear words about the cook, and find fault with their meals in a constant and promiscuous way, if they only supply them with apparatus to cook with that is not fit to be used; or which is so infernal in the heat that it generates, as to make it no wonder that those who have been of an angelic type and temper before beginning to keep house, should exhibit a capacity of another kind afterwards, which may vex a patient man but ought not to cause him to complain. The way out of this dilemma is for every boy to be put in the way of learning how to make first-rate bread, and to do all kinds of plain cooking, in one lesson of one hour by a little teaching in the simple principles." And he adds with pardonable sarcasm, "Girls may be taught as well, if they can spare time from more important duties."

By means of his invention, the Aladdin oven, the labor of preparing nutritious food is reduced to a minimum. The principle is to apply a low degree of heat for a long time, from two to five hours or longer. To prepare the food, put it in the oven just before going to bed, and get up in the morning to find your breakfast ready seems the work of a magician, but all this can be done. It is no longer an experiment but an assured fact.

The oven is constructed of a non-metallic and non-conducting material which retains the heat, and an even heat is assured by the use of an ordinary large sized lamp having a round wick, or by gas supplied through a Bunsen burner. A small oven in the form of a workingman's dinner-pail will soon be put on the market, and is the "objective point" of all of Mr. Atkinson's work.

Besides full descriptions of the oven, what it does and how it does it, the book contains carefully computed dietaries by Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, tests of the methods and reports by Mrs. Mary H. Abel and Miss Maria Daniell, an essay on the Nutritive Values of Food Materials by Prof. W. O. Atwater, and many recipes by Miss Daniell and Mr. Atkinson. To one thoroughly interested in good cooking the book is more fascinating than any novel. M. W. K.

"The Picturesque Geographical Readers." By Charles F. King. Third Book. "The Land We Live In." Boston: Lee & Shepard. Board covers, 227 pp. Price 56 cts.

This book is one of a series intended for supplementary or regular reading in grammar schools, public libraries and the home, and deals with a wide variety of subjects, including descriptions of the manufacture of many things in common use, of several important cities, of commerce, and "rapid communication," and of different parts of our country. The text is interesting and graphic, and the profuse illustrations admirable. Such books are far better to put into the hands of pupils than many of our reading books; and an intelligent teacher would find this an excellent basis for a good deal of interesting instruction. J. S.

Humanity in its Origin and Early Growth. By E. Colbert, M. A. Published by Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. Price, $1.50.

This volume is to be commended for its many late scientific thoughts, expressed in the vigorous style of popular journalism. Its aim is to show the steps of man's development from inanimate matter to the mentality of the historic period. The author's knowledge of Astronomy and of its history leads him to overestimate the influence of Astrology. He claims that from man's observation of the stars resulted his primitive ideas regarding the constitution of things, the causation of events, his religious creeds and ceremonies and even his philosophy.

While objecting to superstition in religion he accepts the theory of stellar and planetary rule over the affairs of men, favoring the belief that the positions of the stars at the birth of an individual are indicative of his character and fortune.

Although these ideas are made interesting they diminish the reader's confidence in the author's judgment and impair the value of the book. C. A. W.

*The Free Trade Struggle in England, by M. M. Trumbull. Second edition. The Open Court Publishing Co. 1892. Paper 25 cents, cloth, 75 cents.

Price | "Worth a Guinea a Box." | 25c.
BEECHAM'S PILLS
Dislodge Bile,
Stir up the Liver,
Cure Sick-Headache,
Female Ailments,
Remove Disease and
Promote Good Health.
Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating.
Famous the world over.
Ask for Beecham's and take no others.
Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box.
New York Depot, 365 Canal St.

Notes from the Field.

Meadville, Pa.—The following communication will be of interest to all friends of our Meadville school and to all who hold dear the memory of James Freeman Clarke:

THE JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE PROFESSORSHIP FUND IN THE MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

The fund for the support of this memorial to one of our most useful and highly respected ministers has now reached $43,000. The amount needed for its completion, therefore, is but $7,000. This sum will ensure for all time to come, a fitting testimonial of the high regard in which that noble Christian preacher was held by the people whom he so long and faithfully served. And, besides, it will secure for that institution which he helped to establish and always loved and cherished, a great increase of efficiency in the education and training of our ministers. Already what has been raised for this object has greatly strengthened and improved the work of the school. It was never in so flourishing a condition; it never had so bright a future of usefulness opening before it.

The committee appointed at the last meeting of the National Conference on the additional endowment of Meadville earnestly desire to make up at once the full amount of this fund. Will not all who revere the memory of this devoted servant of every good cause, and who believe in a thoroughly educated Christian ministry, come to our aid and bring this portion of our work, at least, to a speedy close? Let those who have already given, many of whom have given liberally, add something more to their contributions, and all who have not given, hasten to send in their gifts to the treasurer, that the fund may be completed, and this institution which is rendering such important service to our churches, be able to do still better work in time to come. Let us give heartily and quickly, in small or in large sums, as we may be able to give. The Endowment Fund committee also earnestly call for contributions for the Hedge Fund and the General Fund. All gifts to be forwarded to the treasurer, Rev. W. L. Chaffin, North Easton, Mass.

C. A. STAPLES,
W. L. CHAFFIN,
For Endowment Committee.

Boston.—Whittier's grave was visited on Sunday by two thousand persons.

—The Sunday-school Society will hold its annual meeting October 5th and 6th in Portland, Me. All persons attending the sessions, delegates or not, will be hospitably entertained by the First Parish. Sermon by Rev. M. J. Savage. Addresses: by Rev. Grindall Reynolds, "The Sunday-school Society as a Sower of Seed"; by Rev. W. H. Ramsey, "As a Sunday-school Helper"; by J. O. Morris, "As an Aid to Citizenship"; by Rev. J. L. Marsh, "Object of Sunday-school"; by Rev. George H. Young, "The Great Responsibility"; by Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke, "Bible Classes and Teachers' Meetings"; by Mr. W. H. Baldwin, "Spiritual Conditions"; by Rev. J. C. Jaynes, "Teachers, Ministers and Pupils"; by Rev. Mary L. Leggett, "Our Young People"; by Rev Henry Blanchard, "Greater Enthusiasm"; by Rev. E. E. Hale, "Chief Needs"; by Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, "The Bright Side"; by Rev. Albert Walkley, "Forward." October 7, will be given to excursions.

—Last Sunday many tributes to Whittier and Curtis were paid with eloquent emphasis.

Chicago.—Mr. Fenn was in his pulpit at the First Church on Sunday, having returned from his summer in the Berkshire hills. All Souls' was filled with a sympathetic congregation gathered to commemorate the poet Whittier. Mr. Hosmer took part with Mr. Jones. A portrait of the poet looked down from the platform, and the church was decorated with flowers.

—The September quarterly meeting of the Directors of the Western Unitarian Conference was held at the Headquarters on Friday afternoon, Sept. 16. There were present Messrs. Wanzer, Blake, Crothers, Effinger, Fenn, Hosmer, Jones, and Miss Hultin, Mrs. Woolley, and Mrs. Perkins, who has been acting-secretary since last March. Treasurer Leonard, who was unable to be present, sent in his report to date.

Denver, Col.—Unity church begins the new church year with bright prospects. The attendance at the Sunday services and at Sunday-school is very large and the various societies are making plans for an active year. Unity Club, the Ladies' Aid Society, the Woman's Alliance and the Young People's Club have elected their new officers and outlined work for themselves which will call for steady and persistent efforts.

On Sunday, Sept. 11, a memorial service in honor of Whittier was held in the church. Well-chosen poems were read, appropriate music sung and an address made by Mr. Eliot. On Sept. 5th, the fifth anniversary of the dedication of the church building was observed. Oct. 2d, will be a "Channing Day," that being the fiftieth anniversary of the death of the great preacher. The funeral of ex-Chief Justice Beck was held from the church on Sept. 5th. The new Colorado Divinity School is to be opened with formal exercises on Sept. 23d.

Moline, Ill.—The Illinois State Conference will meet at Moline, Oct. 25, 26 and 27. The opening sermon will be given by F. L. Hosmer. The program is nearly completed and promises a number of interesting features. It is hoped that those churches which have not yet paid this year's subscription to the Conference will do so by Oct. 1, so that all accounts can be closed and a clean balance-sheet presented. Remittances should be sent to Lyman McCarl, Quincy, Ill.

San Francisco.—The new Unitarian church has listened the past summer to Rev. Mr. Vail, (Universalist) of Minneapolis. There is a desire, according to a local paper, to secure him for permanent minister.

—The First Unitarian Society, according to the same paper, has elected Rev. C. A. Langston, lately of the Presbyterian fold, as assistant to Dr. Stebbins, and he has accepted.

Oakland, Cal.—The Pacific Coast Conference is to hold its seventh annual meeting here Sept, 26-29.

Sacramento, Cal.—Rev. T. J. Horner, of Westford, Mass., has received a call to the Unitarian church here.

San Jose, Cal.—The beautiful new Unitarian church, built at a cost of $30,000, is nearly ready for dedication.

"Garland" Stoves and Ranges cook food and warm rooms for many millions.

LOW RATE HARVEST EXCURSIONS.

The announcement that the North-Western Line, comprising over 8,000 miles of thoroughly equipped railway, has arranged to run two low rate Harvest Excursions during the months of August and September, will be gladly received by those who are interested in the development of the great West and Northwest, as well as by those who desire to visit this wonderfully productive region at a season of the year when exact demonstration can be made of the merits and advantages it offers to homeseekers and those in search of safe and profitable investments.

These excursions will leave Chicago on August 30th and Sept. 27th, and tickets can be purchased at the very low rate of one fare for the round trip to points in Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho and Montana. They will be strictly first-class in every particular and will be good for return passage at any time within twenty days from date of purchase. Full information concerning rates and arrangements for these excursions can be obtained upon application to any coupon ticket agent, or to W. A. Thrall, G. P. T. A., Chicago & North-Western R'y, Chicago.

WHERE TO LOCATE NEW FACTORIES

Is the title of a 150 page Pamphlet recently published by the Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad, and should be read by every Mechanic, Capitalist and Manufacturer. It describes in detail the Manufacturing advantages of the principal cities and towns on the line of the Southern Division of the Illinois Central and the Louisville, New Orleans & Texas Railroads, and indicates the character and amount of substantial aid each city or town is willing to contribute. It furnishes conclusive proof that the South possesses advantages for the establishment of every kind of factory working, wool, cotton, wood or clay. For a free copy of this illustrated pamphlet address Mr. J. F. Merry, Assistant General Passenger Agent, I. C. R. R., Manchester, Iowa.

$30 TO $50 A WEEK

I WANT an honest, earnest man or woman in every county to take the **sole agency** for an article that is **needed in every home and indispensable in every office. SELLS AT SIGHT,** in town or country. **You can make $700 in three months,** introducing it, after which it will bring you **a steady income.** Splendid opening for the right person. **Don't lose a moment. Good jobs are scarce and soon taken.** Write **at once to J. W. JONES, Manager, Springfield, Ohio.**

WARREN ACADEMY,
WARREN, JO DAVIESS CO., ILL.,
Offers, in addition to the regular academy course of five years, college-preparatory, and normal courses. Also a four years' course in music and a short winter course for those who can spend only the winter months in study. Fall term opens Sept. 12, 1892.
Address, MISS I. M. GARDNER, Principal.

Home and Day School.
For Young Ladies and Children, begins Sept. 26th, 1892. Regular and Elective Courses. Parlor boarders received. House large and convenient, heated by Hot water. M. L. BARNES, 32 College Place, Chicago, Ill.

POWDER POINT SCHOOL.
Duxbury, Mass. 22 boys. Laboratories.
Frederick B. Knapp, S. B. (M. I. T.) Principal.

SUPERIOR
to all other medicines for purifying the blood and restoring the health and strength,
AYER'S
Sarsaparilla
is the standard specific for Scrofula, Catarrh Rheumatism, and Debility.
Cures Others will cure you.

"The Law of Progress is Eternal."
The Latest Embodiment of Progress in the Typewriting World is
THE FRANKLIN.

PRICE, $60.00.
SIMPLE: Has fewer parts by half, and weighs less by half, than any other type-bar machine. Standard Keyboard—forty keys, printing eighty-one characters. Alignment perfect and permanent. Work in sight as soon as written, and so remains. Interchangeable parts. Constructed of metal, DURABLE: entirely of the best quality, and by the most skilled workmen. Unequaled for manifold and mimeograph work. Carriage locks at end of line, insuring neatness. Type cleaned in five seconds, without soiling the fingers. Handsome in appearance and character of work. Speed limited only by the skill of the operator. SPEEDY.
Send for Catalogue and specimen of work, to
FRANKLIN EDUCATIONAL CO.
250 & 252 Wabash Ave. CHICAGO.

First Steps in Philosophy
(Physical and Ethical)
By WILLIAM MACKINTIRE SALTER,
Author of "Ethical Religion."
This little book aims to answer in a thorough-going and scientific way two fundamental inquiries, What is Matter? and What is Duty? Clear notions on these points constitute, in the author's judgment, indispensable preliminary steps to any sound thinking in philosophy. What degree of success he attains his readers and critics must judge. He avoids technical language and puts his thoughts in simple and popular form. The book is not so much for philosophers as for ordinary men and women who are feeling their way to an intelligible and satisfactory view of the world.
Cloth, 16mo, 156 pages, $1.00 postpaid.
Charles H. Kerr & Co., Publishers,
175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY. $12 Buys a $65.00 Improved Oxford Singer Sewing Machine; perfect working, reliable, finely finished, adapted to light and heavy work, with a complete set of the latest improved attachments free. Each machine guaranteed for 5 years. Buy direct from our factory, and save dealers and agents profit. Send for FREE CATALOGUE. OXFORD MFG. COMPANY, DEPT. 2 B-34 CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY or COMMISSION, to handle the New Patent Chemical Ink Erasing Pencil. Agents making $50 per week. Monroe Eraser Mf'g Co. x 401 LaCrosse, Wis.

TEN GREAT NOVELS A guide to the best fiction. Compiled by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. 24 pages and cover. Mailed for 10 cents. Address CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Pubs., 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Every Person Interested in
Political, Social and Economic Questions
Should Subscribe for the
Annals of the American Academy
OF
Political and Social Science.

The ANNALS is the official Journal of the *Academy* and is *sent to all members.* It contains the leading papers which have been submitted to the *Academy*, the Proceedings of the Scientific Sessions of *Academy*, reviews of latest political, economic and social books, and brief biographical sketches of the workers in the field of political and social science.

The number for September, 1892, contained: Economic Causes of Moral Progress, Simon N. Patten, Ph. D.—Sir Wm. Temple on Government, Frank I. Herriott.—Influence on Business of the Independent Treasury, Prof. David Kinley.—Preventive Legislation in Relation to Crime, C. H Reeve.—Sidgwick's Elements of Politics, Jas. H. Robinson, Ph. D.—Personal Notes.—Book Reviews.—Notes.
Price, $1.00 per Number. $6.00 per Year.

During 1892-93 it is proposed, in addition to the six numbers of the journal, to send to subscribers a number of important publications on political, legal, economic and sociological subjects.
Send for Special Descriptive Circular

An invitation is extended to those who wish to keep abreast with the advance work which is being carried on along the lines of Political and Social Science to enter into correspondence with the American Academy of Political and Social Science for the purpose of investigating its aims and methods, or to apply to the Council for election to membership.

Besides the ANNALS, the American Academy of Political and Social Science publishes a series of monographs, treating of Political, Social, Legal, Economic and Historical subjects. The latest issues in this series were:
No. 63. Geometrical Theory of the Determination of Prices.—LEON WALRAS. Price, cents.
The author presents a geometric picture of the causation of all prices.
No. 62. Patten's Dynamic Economics.—JOHN B. CLARK. Price, 15 cents.
Prof. Clark explains this latest system of political economy, taking Prof. Patten's recent book as basis.
No. 61. School Savings Banks.—SARA L. OBERHOLTZER. Price, 15 cents.
What and how numerous they are, what they have done, and what they will accomplish.
No. 60. Cabinet Government in the United States.—DR. FREEMAN SNOW. Price, 15 cents.
The author shows how little adapted the system of cabinet government is to the United States.
No. 59. Indian Education.—FRANK W. BLACKMAR. Price, 25 cents.
Prof. Blackmar shows that the only salvation for the Indian is to educate all the Indian children, teaching each some particular trade or profession.
No. 58. River and Harbor Bills.—EMORY JOHNSON. Price, 35 cents.
This is an able defense of river and harbor legislation by Congress, and shows what great benefits such legislation has brought to the country.
No. 57. Third Revolution.—EDWARD P. CHENEY. Price, 15 cents.
The author endeavors to prove that we are about to undergo a third revolution, which will be, as he shows, an economic revolution.
No. 56. Merits and defects of the Pennsylvania Ballot Law of 1891.—CHARLES C. BONNEY. Price, 25 cents.
The author points out the defects of the Pennsylvania Law, and in doing so gives an excellent explanation of the Australian system.
No. 55. Practical Working of the Australian System of Voting in Massachusetts.—RICHARD H. DANA, ESQ. Price, 25 cents.
Mr. Dana shows how much the system has done towards purifying State politics by preventing the bribing of voters, the stuffing of ballot boxes and falsifying of election returns.
No. 54. Proportional Representation.—JOHN R. COMMONS. Price, 15 cents.
A plan to secure representation for the minority party as well as the majority party.
No. 53. Party Government.—CHARLES RICHARDSON. Price, 25 cents.
The principal evil of party government, according to Mr. Richardson is, the permitting of political parties to nominate candidates for office by primary elections.
No. 52. Electric Street Lighting in Chicago.—M. A. MIKKLESEN. Price, 15 cents.
An explanation of Chicago's excellent but costly system of lighting her streets.
No. 51. Basis of Interest.—DWIGHT M. LOWREY. Price, 25 cents.
After showing that Henry George's theory of interest is not true, Mr. Lowrey points out what he thinks is the true basis of interest.
No. 50. Theory of Value.—F. R. v. WIESER. Price, 25 cents.
This monograph contains a scientific explanation of the theory of value as held by the Austrian School of which Professor von Wieser is one of the leaders.
No. 49. Ethical Training in the Public Schools.—CHARLES DEGARMO. Price, 25 cents.
It is an argument to show that the public school can be made a profitable factor in the moral development of the scholars.

A Complete List will be sent on application.
AMERICAN ACADEMY OF
POLITICAL AND SOCIAL SCIENCE
STATION B., PHILADELPHIA.

The Home.

Helps to High Living.

—It is wonderful how every great religious movement in the past has been marked by a new sense of the need of personal righteousness.

.—I allow myself to believe that nothing is given us in life greater than we can bear.

s.—The deep purpose of our being does not lie in anything that can be taken from us.

/.—There is a self-respect which is the basis of all the virtues.

rs.—We widely err in thinking that great things are necessary to make us happy.

—It is easier to control our actions than our motives.

—Though the path of duty be no longer to do, but to bear, bear but as bravely as thou wouldst do, and never was there better soldier of duty than thou!

—*W. M. Salter.*

The Squirrel's Arithmetic.

High on the branch of a walnut tree
A bright-eyed squirrel sat.
What was he thinking so earnestly?
And what was he looking at?

The forest was green around him,
The sky all over his head;
His nest was in a hollow limb,
And his children snug in bed.

He was doing a problem o'er and o'er,
Busily thinking was he;
How many nuts for his winter's store
Could he hide in the hollow tree?

He sat so still on the swaying bough
You might have thought him asleep.
Oh, no; he was trying to reckon now
The nuts the babies could eat.

Then suddenly he frisked about,
And down the tree he ran.
"The best way to do, without a doubt,
Is to gather all I can."

—*Our Little Ones.*

Some Summer Homes.

Under the uncertain skies and id the rain-washed foliage of ing and summer, a silent and skill- architecture has been carried on. e winged builders chose their orite locations, for this community never overcrowded, and the eligible and elm crotches and convenient es in old apple trees will go und among all.

Some choose the tree tops, and ne the meadow grasses, and the ellers in the lofty places do not m to feel themselves superior to ir neighbors below. No doubt ugh, the oriole, from his airy home en to the sunbeams and breezes, ks with pity on the dark, warm e where woodpecker lives: while vireo contrasts his dainty cottage d robin's rough cabin with a sense satisfaction.

The apple trees in an old orchard favorite haunts of many birds. e gnarled old trees bear few apples the soft wood offers tempting portunities to the woodpeckers, and ir neatly chiseled holes abound. e red-headed woodpeckers are st abundant. One hole about elve inches deep has an opening out three inches across, smooth d round as if cut with a saw. A in has a nest in the upper story of same tree, and gives, an alarm en any one approaches. Then odpecker's red hood appears at the or and with a flash of red, white d black, away she flies followed by in scolding vociferously. The n falls on Mrs. Robin in spite of canopy of leaves above her, but a drop can touch the woodpeck- s children while she flies afield in rch of the food they clamor for ntinually. They are so voracious t the parent birds labor from morn night to satisfy them.

A golden-winged woodpecker has home higher up in another tree, d another hole, probably once ned by a woodpecker, has been en by a pair of bluebirds; a bird so allied to the sky that its nest should be in the top of a tall tree as near as possible to the element whence it takes its color.

Robins' nests abound, in crotches or saddled to the tops of horizontal boughs, and the plump, aldermanic robins are constituted the police force of the community. Their shrill "cheep" gives warning of an intruder and summons the birds to some point of vantage where they can watch over the safety of their tiny castles.

In the top of a small tree is the prettiest of all these bird homes, the dainty cup-shaped nest of the golden warbler, woven of yellow grass, looking too frail to resist wind and rain, but just suited to the green and gold birds that occupy it.

This orchard community has many visitors. Sir Oriole comes from his lofty home in the grove and flashes his black and orange livery through the foliage, searching under each leaf for a hidden bug or worm. The purple grackle passes like a streak of ebony lightning over the orchard from the tall trees beyond. Slender, slate-colored catbirds from the locust thicket and brilliant plumaged bluejays from the green-tented maple trees fill the air with their noisy chattering, and the fairy goldfinch—child of the sun—sings its clear canary note or poises in the air like a sunbeam embodied in winged form.

Already these little summer homes are becoming points of departure to the sturdy feathered babies. The catbirds are teaching balls of fluffy slate-colored feathers to fly. Solemn young robins can be seen perched on shrubs or low boughs looking as if undecided whether the big world they have ventured into is a better place after all than the nest they left so gladly. The young woodpeckers lingered long in their hole, perhaps finding it difficult to get out, but now they too are gone. It is not easy to be at the flitting. So early between the darkness and the dawn the little wings are spread and the nest left empty. Do they ever think of it again amid the wonders of the summer world?

ALICE GORDON.

Hamilton, Ill.

Telling Stories to Children.

"There is a wonderful difference," between a story that is told and one that is read. One story properly told is worth five read to a child. At the beginning of telling stories to a child a simple plot should be related and then the story told again, so that the important points would impress themselves upon the little one's mind. While the spiritual thought should never be lost sight of, no attempt should be made to make a moral too obvious. If a story has too much of a moral attached to it, the child is apt to repudiate it altogether. Children to a great extent may be controlled by cheerfully told stories. —*Elizabeth Harrison.*

A PROPOSAL FOR EVERY LADY IN CHICAGO

and vicinity to make delicious Custard without eggs, with

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER,

An English table luxury, providing dainties in endless variety, the choicest dishes and the richest custard, without eggs.

A 25c. package will be sufficient to make four pints, which can either be served in dishes or from glasses.

A supply, fresh from England, has just been received by

WHOLESALE:
SPRAGUE, WARNER & CO.....Chicago.
RETAIL:
W. D. CLARK & CO.....3917 Cottage Grove Ave.
GILLESPIE & CO.....Indiana Ave. and 22nd St.
And other leading grocers, Chicago, Ill.

The Sunday-School.

History of the Religion of Israel.

Second Lesson.

I. *Jahveh, the God of Israel.*

What can we suggest from the patriarchal legends about the oldest history of the Hebrews? What does this name itself indicate? What is the date of their exodus out of Egypt? (About 1320 B. C.) Read Exod. 15: 1–21, a song in which the crossing of the Red Sea is glorified.

Why is Moses one of the noblest characters in the Old Testament legends? (B. f. L., I. p. 242–325; Hebrews 11: 23–29.) Why is the name of the God which Moses preached erroneously pronounced Jehovah? Do we know the exact meaning of the name Jahveh? (Knappert, p. 42, 43).

How do we know that Moses was no monotheist, but an henotheist? (Polytheism = the worship of many gods. Henotheism = the worship of one god. Monotheism = the worship of the sole God.) What can be derived from Ps. 18: 6–15; Exod. 3: 1–16; 19: 16–18, the Most Holy in the later temple, etc., about the original character of this god? How do we know that from the start his worship was more than pure nature worship? (Toy, p. 23).

Which are the ten words? Deut. 5: 6–21. Why has it been suggested that what we call the second commandment is of later date? Is it an historic certainty that Moses was the author of these words? See different answers by Toy, p. 25, and Knappert, p. 47–49. Read further about these ten words, the B. f. L., p. 313–315.

What is the main and essentially Semitic character of these commandments? The moral law is here directly "connected with the nature of Israel's God." What has been retained of the ancient fire god?

FOR THE YOUNGER CLASSES.

One of the noblest characters in the Old Testament is that of Moses. Read with them Exodus 1: 8–14, 22; 12: 1–21. Self-forgetting love was an inheritance of his mother. Although, according to the story, educated as a prince, he was never too proud to know and to suffer with the slaves, his kinsmen. His rash act against the Egyptian was that of a thoughtless boy, but revealed the same knightly spirit he showed toward the daughters of Reuel.

Still more admirable is it that, when a man, he remained true to the ideal of his youth, though then he saw better the dangers and difficulties, and accepted it as his lifetask, to which his God had called him. This is the meaning of the legend Exod. 2: 23 to 3: 20.

Did God speak only in olden times? Are there also wonderful powers put by God in our hand? The rod of God, wherewith every one can do wonders, is love and faith in his heart. (Heb. 11: 23–29.)

The author of these narratives ascribes to his god unworthy acts: Ex. 3: 18, 22; 7: 2, 3. But bye and bye the moral principles, laid down in the ten words of Moses (Deut. 5: 6 21) awaked in the Israelitic mind higher ideas of their God also.

Teach the children these ten words in an abbreviated form; not as a supernaturally revealed will of God, but as an interpretation of the moral law written within the human heart; try by this principle the different commandments in order to determine their lasting significance. All the disappointments and the disrespect Moses had to endure by the ingratitude of his people could not extinguish the love he felt for them, neither the faith in their glorious future. He died after having seen from Mount Nebo the promised land. The ideal is never near, but therefore none the less real.

ONE DOLLAR EVERY HOUR

is easily made by any one of either sex in any part of the country, who is willing to work industriously at the employment which we furnish. We fit you out complete, so you may give the business a trial without expense to yourself. Write and see. H. HALLETT & CO., Box, 1750, Portland Me.

A SLUMBER SONG.

By Nina Lilian Morgan.

Beautiful cloth, postpaid - - - - $1 10
Holiday binding, white and gold - - - - 1 35

"A book mothers can gladly place in the hands of thoughtful and aspiring daughters."—*Elizabeth Boynton Harbert.*

LILY PUBLISHING HOUSE.
161 La Salle Street, Chicago

5 TRACTS about SCIENCE and RELIGION, showing the relation of the two and how the great religious beliefs of the world have been affected by the doctrine of Evolution. Blake, Potter, Powell, Savage and Simmons are the writers. All mailed for 10 cents.
UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Love and Law

A Poem by JAMES VILA BLAKE. Single copy mailed for 2 cents, 20 copies for 10 cents, 100 copies for 30 cents.

"A truly noble poem, rising at the last into a passion of trust and worship that is as refreshing as a breath of mountain air."—*John W. Chadwick in The Index.*

UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE,
175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Free Homes WHERE THEY ARE.

25 Cents a Year for an Illustrated Agricultural Paper, giving information of all U. S. Gov't. Lands, also giving descriptions of every State and Territory. In valuable to Home Seekers. Clubs with all Papers and Magazines, saving subscribers money. Thousands of Books and useful articles at low prices. Sample Copy and Clubbing Catalogues sent for 10 Cents. Address THE WESTERN WORLD, Chicago, Ill.

ALUMINUM SOUVENIR

Charm (dime size) with the Lord's Prayer coined in smallest characters, and strung on blue silk ribbon, sent free to any one sending 10 cents for sample copy of The St. Louis Magazine. FREE Aluminum is the wonderful new metal, bright as silver, light as wood, strong as steel, will not tarnish. St. Louis Magazine, 901 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

Publisher's Notes.

Our recent publication of Parker's "LESSONS FROM THE WORLD OF MATTER AND THE WORLD OF MAN" in paper at only 50 cents, and in a neat library style, gilt top and paper label, at $1.25, has attracted favorable attention from the press. We quote here notices from two prominent eastern periodicals:

Charles H. Kerr & Co., of Chicago, are issuing Theodore Parker's "*Lessons from the World of Matter and the World of Man*," in paper cover, at fifty cents. It would be difficult to get so much wit and wisdom and sanctified morality and happy reverence anywhere else for the money. Parker is daily becoming more popular. His words live and grow and bloom in the soul because they are life of his own life. Perfect honesty, absolute fearlessness, unstinted benevolence, a pure and profound sense of worship, and a zeal to do good that consumed him as with a divine fire—such were Parker's and such must be the effect of his words.—*Universalist Monthly.*

Mr. Rufus Leighton has made a volume of his stenographic notes of the unpublished sermons of Theodore Parker, which he entitles "Lessons from the World of Matter and the World of Man," and which Charles H. Kerr & Co., (Chicago) publish cheaply in paper covers. The selections are from discourses delivered during the decade, 1849-1859; they are brief and pithy, and embrace a wide variety of theme. In a single paragraph upon "Infidels" one may read the sweet reasonableness of Parker's faith: "You and I have been called infidels. We are so tried by the common test. Our Christianity is not the common form. Our form of religion is another gospel; our God is not the jealous God who damns the sinner to eternal woe; not a God who subjects the soul of man to a law of sin and death, but makes it free by the great law of his spirit. Yet we have been charged with this infidelity. While we are thus different from other sects, I believe we have not been charged with doubting the infinity of God; never with a disbelief in the power of truth, justice, love and holiness to regenerate your heart and mine, to regenerate and bless the world."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Either edition will be mailed on receipt of price, or for a two cent stamp we will send a complete table of contents showing the subjects treated in the 430 pages of the book.

All who desire to keep informed on current issues in politics will be interested in a 30 page pamphlet which we have just published entitled, "PEOPLE'S PARTY SHOT AND SHELL," by Dr. T. A. Bland, who by the way, is a prominent member of the People's Church at Washington, D. C. The author discusses briefly the history of parties, the currency question, railroads, telegraphs, silver coinage, the tariff, etc. Mailing price, 10 cents. Address

CHARLES H. KERR & Co., Publishers,
175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

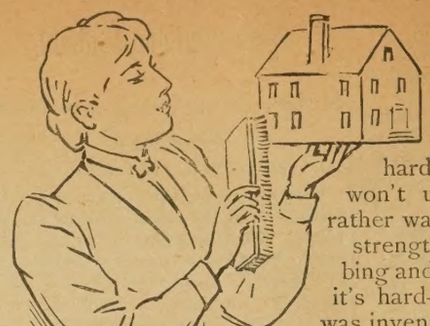
$45 Safety Bicycles Free.

Stoddart & Co., 19 Quincy Street, Chicago, Ill., are giving away an elegant $45 Safety Bicycle to boys and girls under 18, without one cent of money, on very easy conditions, for advertising purpose. We advise those who want one to write them at once.

HOUSEKEEPER'S EMERGENCY BUREAU,

Under the auspices of the Columbian Association of Housekeepers, has opened temporary headquarters at 175 Dearborn St., room 93, hours from 10 to 12 a. m., only. The object of the Bureau is to provide housekeepers and others with reliable help by the hour, day, or week.

MRS. LAVINIA HARGIS, *Chairman.*



Cleaning House.

Hard work or easy work, just as you choose. If you find it hard work, it's because you won't use **Pearline.** You'd rather waste your time and your strength with that absurd rubbing and scrubbing. Of course it's hard—that's why **Pearline** was invented—that's why **Pearline** is a household word. You don't know how easy it can be, until you let **Pearline** do the work. Then house-cleaning slips right along. It is over before you know it.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 333 JAMES PYLE, New York.

Timely Books of Fact and Fiction.

The Coming Climax In the Destinies of America. By Lester C. Hubbard. 480 pages of startling facts and searching questions in American politics. Written before the Homestead and Idaho troubles, it predicts and accounts for these and worse commotions, and points out the way to a peaceful solution. Cloth, $1.50; paper, 50 cents.

"In the intense earnestness of the author, the book is somewhat pessimistic in tone, but it evidences a careful study of the problems that are vexing the nation to-day, and a spirit of loyalty to American liberty in its deepest and widest meaning."—*Union Signal.*

An Ounce of Prevention to save America from Having a Government of the Few, by the Few, and for the Few. Considerations in favor of a succession tax and a system of public manual training schools. By Augustus Jacobson. Paper, 50 cents.

"A vigorous discussion. . . . His purpose is sane and noble, and his 'Ounce of Prevention' is worth many pounds of cure."—*New York World.*

Lessons From the World of Matter and the World of Man. By Theodore Parker. Selected from notes of unpublished sermons by Rufus Leighton. 12mo, 430 pages, cloth. $1.25; paper, 50 cents.

"A volume of selections from Theodore Parker's unpublished sermons has been published in this city. It makes a veritable book of eloquence, from which one draws inspirations, feeling indebted for every page. Poetic beauty and rugged sense look out by turns from Theodore Parker's sentences, just as from her veil of mosses, ferns, flowers and grasses, the brown face of good Mother Earth at times appears, making us bless beauty and utility in the same breath."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Inquirendo Island. By Hudor Genone. A clever story of love and adventure on a strange island, where the one sacred book is the Arithmetic. Paper, 353 pages, 50 cents.

A stronger piece of fiction than Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward."—*The Arena.*
An attack on revealed religion.—*N. Y. Times.*
Not wanting in a spirit of full reverence for the essential truths of God's universe.—*Christian Register.*

The Last Tenet: Imposed upon the Khan of Tomathoz. By Hudor Genone, author of Inquirendo Island. Copiously illustrated with original drawings by Louis M. Glackens. 12mo, 165 pages, cloth, $1.25; paper, 50 cents.

"A delightful story, charmingly illustrated."—*Boston Traveller.*

Liberty and Life.—Seventeen discourses on the applications of scientific truth to morals and religion. By E. P. Powell. 12mo, 208 pages, cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

Strong, even, bold essays on ethical and religious subjects. They are the work of a man of vigorous intellect, who has studied the doctrine of evolution long and carefully, and has not found it necessary to abandon all his old reverences. The discourses are full of interest to the casual reader by reason of their fund of anecdote and biographical citation, and to the seeker for religious and moral truth they offer many helps.—*Literary World.*

Any book in this list can be obtained from leading booksellers, or will be mailed on receipt of price by the publishers. Any reader of UNITY *who would like to make a business arrangement by which he can obtain books of all publishers at wholesale prices is invited to write for particulars.*

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers,
175 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

UNITY SUNDAY CIRCLES in hall or parlor, and new Churches unprovided with Hymn Books, will want our Hymn Tracts **Songs of Faith, Hope and Charity,** set to old tunes; 51 Hymns with music. **Love to God and Love to Man;** 47 songs adapted to "Gospel" tunes. **Responsive Services** with prayer and closing chant Each pamphlet 5 cents.
The three bound together, with eight *Choral Responsive Services* added—a complete little service book—for **15 cents; $1.50 per dozen.**
UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

TRUTHS FOR THE TIMES.
Fifty Affirmations concerning the Relations of Christianity to Free Religion. By Francis E. Abbot. 10 cents, postpaid.
CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Pubs., 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

BOOKS OF ESSAYS AND CRITICISM.

James Vila Blake's Essays.—Cloth, 12mo, 216 pages, $1.00.

The essays of Mr. Blake will surprise and delight all lovers of good English prose. He has made a contribution of lasting value to our literature, in a form so condensed and so original as to inevitably attract and hold the attention of thoughtful readers. . . . . Sharpness of vision, too, makes this essayist a helper to the understanding and the sight of slower mortals. He often touches to the quick, and reveals the spring of some of the most puzzling questions by his sure but gentle insight.—*Chicago Tribune.*

St. Solifer, wtih Other Worthies and Unworthies. By James Vila Blake. Cloth, 12mo, 179 pages, $1.00. Paper, 50 cents.

Fourteen short stories and sketches of an unusua quality. . . . The papers are the recreation of a finely touched mind; we should suppose that any one who can appreciate their delicate qualities might be warranted in complimenting himself.—*Literary World.*

There is a freshness about Mr. Blake's writing, an unaffectedness and simplicity that reminds one strongly of Charles Lamb. Mr. Blake possesses a rich vein of poetry, his conceits are never unhappy nor his metaphors obscure. His style is correct, and with a special charm of its own, and he is never wearisome or otherwise than interesting.—*Detroit Sunday News.*

Legends from Storyland.—By James Vila Blake. Cloth, square 16mo, 87 pages, illustrated, 50 cents.

The style in which these legends are written is charming and adjusts itself with wonderful felicity to the nature of the themes. But our pleasure was seriously diminished when we found that the author classes the miracles of the Old and New Testaments with other legends . . It is sad indeed when powers of such an order are used . . etc.—*The Living Church.*

Browning's Women.—By Mary E. Burt. With an introduction by Edward Everett Hale, D. D., LL. D. Cloth, 16mo, 236 pages, $1.00

We can cordially recommend her little volume to not only individual readers, but to members of the Browning Clubs who are endeavoring to make a special study of the poet.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Legend of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, as found in the works of Saxo Grammaticus and other writers of the Twelfth Century. By George P. Hansen. Square 18mo, 57 pages, paper, 25 cents. Cloth, 50 cents.

Outline Studies in James Russell Lowell: his Poetry and Prose. By Mrs. Susan B. Beals. Fifth edition, revised. Paper, square 18mo, 32 pages, 10 cents.

The little book both interested and astonished me. I had no notion that anybody would think what I had written worthy of so thorough and exact a study as this book bears witness to. The author is far more familiar with my works than I can pretend to be.—*J. R. Lowell.*

Outline Studies in Holmes, Bryant, Whittier: their poems.—By William C. Gannett and others. Paper, square 18mo, 32 pages, 10 cents.

Outline Studies in George Eliot.—By Celia Parker Woolley. Paper, square 18mo, 10 pages, 10 cents.

Outline Studies in the History of Ireland.—By Prof. William F. Allen. Paper, square 18mo, 8 pages, 10 cents.

Outline Studies in Dickens' Tale of Two Cities.—By Emma Endicott Marean. Paper, square 18mo, 10 pages, 10 cents.

Outline Studies in the History of Art.—By Ellen D. Hale. Paper, square 18mo, 15 pages, 10 cents.

Outline Studies in Religious History and Thought.—By John C. Learned. Paper, square 18mo, 11 pages, 10 cents.

Outline Studies of Holland.—Prepared by Edwin D. Mead. Paper, square 18mo, 20 pages, 10 cents.

Outline Studies in the History of the Northwest.—By Frederick J. Turner. Paper, square 18mo, 12 pages, 10 cents.

Outline Studies in Lessing's Nathan the Wise. By the Unity Clubs of Cleveland and Chicago. Paper, square 18mo, 8 pages, 10 cents.

Ten Great Novels: Suggestions for clubs and private reading. Compiled by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Paper, square 18mo, 23 pages, 10 cents.

The Importance of the Intellectual Life.—By Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Paper, square 18mo, 15 pages, 10 cents.

The Masque of the Year.—A medley for an evening's entertainment. Arranged by Lily A. Long. Paper, square 18mo, 20 pages, 10 cents.

Any of the books named above will be mailed on receipt of price. Write for full catalogue. Address

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers.
175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

The Triumphs of Science.

At the meeting of the International Oriental Congress held in London last week discoveries of great interest were brought to light. Professor Hechler exhibited a recently discovered papyrus containing a portion of the Septuagint and undoubtedly the oldest scriptural document extant. Important excavations are being conducted at Tel-el-Amarna in Egypt. Tables have been found there giving in detail the history of Canaan a century before Joshua's conquest. The Chinese language has been distinctly traced to its Babylonish source, and Professor Sayce, presiding in the section of Assyriology, feels able this year to claim for Babylonian civilization priority in antiquity over Egyptian.

AN effort is being made for the second time under the direction of the veteran French astronomer, M. Janssen to establish an observatory on the very summit of Mont Blanc. The building—a wooden one 26 feet long and 17 feet wide, is now being constructed in Paris and will be transferred in sections to Switzerland. It will be divided into two rooms and rest on six screwjacks so as to restore any disturbance caused by changes in the snow. More than 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, and far above the lower strata of the earth's atmosphere in which clouds and rains are manufactured what fresh revelations of law and beauty may not greet the learned eyes of some star lover?

THE name of Prof. E. E. Barnard of the Lick Observatory will go down to history as the discoverer of the fifth Satellite to the planet Jupiter. This is one of the astronomical triumphs of the century. The discovery is so recent that Professor Barnard has not yet calculated its mass or its dimensions, but it will probably take rank among the smallest of its sister satellites.

Good Cooking

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.

Roger Hunt.

BY CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

One of the very best of the many superior novels that Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have recently published.—*Buffalo Courier.*

The first books of Mrs. Woolley displayed marked ability; but this, her most ambitious effort thus far is strong and true enough to rank among the best fictions of the day. Not only has she written an interesting novel but created a character, for Roger Hunt is not a personification of virtue or vice, but a man, and such a one as we have all known only too often.—*New York Home Journal.*

Now that the "emancipated woman" has had her, say, such sober and thoughtful minds as Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mrs. Woolley have at last expressed the sounder theory of marriage, based upon a wider and deeper view of all the facts. The strength of their work lies in its faithfulness to the Teutonic conscience, which English-speaking peoples have inherited, and which they will never lose through imitation of weaker races except to their own permanent degradation.—*Literary World.*

A careful and well-wrought portrayal of the soul and life of an egotist.—*Christian Union.*

Powerfully written and very absorbing. Only a writer of rare tact and skill could have taken such a *motif* and kept within the borderland where good taste is not offended.—*Toledo Blade.*

One volume, cloth, 16mo, price $1.25. Mailed to any address on receipt of price, by

CHARLES H. KERR & Co., Publishers,
175 Dearborn St. Chicago

CLEARANCE SALE

of Slightly Damaged Books

The books in this list are slightly imperfect as their covers, being either somewhat soiled, or to or otherwise defaced so as not to be salable for perfect copies. They are, however, in good condition for all practical purposes, and are offered to UNITY readers, postpaid, at a great reduction from retail prices. Our supply of most of these damaged books is limited to a very few copies, and orders must be sent within ten days from the date of this advertisement to make sure of all that are advertised.

Inquirendo Island, paper. Retail 50 cents, net 25 cents.

The Genius of Galilee, paper. Retail 50 cents, net 25 cents.

John Auburntop, Novelist, paper. Retail 50 cents, net 25 cents.

St. Solifer, with Other Worthies and Unworthies, paper. Retail 50 cents, net 25 cents. The same in cloth, retail $1.00, net 60 cents.

The Auroraphone, paper. Retail 50 cents, net 25 cents. Cloth, retail $1.00, net 60 cents.

History of the Arguments for the Existence of God, paper. Retail 50 cents, net 30 cents.

Religion and Science as Allies, paper. Retail 50 cents, net 20 cents.

Address

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers,
175 Dearborn St., Chicago

SIX TRACTS ABOUT JESUS Three by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, one by H. M. Simmons, one by S. J. Barrows, one by W. M. Salter. All mailed for **20 cents.**
UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago